



Handel & Haydn Society
America's Premier Chorus and Period Orchestra
Christopher Hogwood, Artistic Director

FIRST NIGHT 2000: *A Ceremony of Carols*

Friday, December 31, 1999

7:30 p.m. - 8:10 p.m.

9:00 p.m. - 9:40 p.m.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston

John Finney, conductor
Carol Baum, harp
James David Christie, organ

In dulci jubilo, BWV 729

Johann Sebastian Bach
[1685-1750]

Hodie Christus natus est

Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck
[1562-1621]

In natali Domini

En natus est Emanuel

Michael Praetorius
[ca. 1571-1621]

Freut euch und jubiliert (from Magnificat, BWV 243a)

Johann Sebastian Bach

For Him She Sings (Three Domestic Carols)

Come Learn of Mary

Easy Enough for Strangers

Even So She Sings

Daniel Pinkham
[b. 1923]

Hodie Christus natus est

(from *Quatre motets pour le temps de Noël*)

Francis Poulenc
[1899-1963]

A Ceremony of Carols

Procession

Wolcum Yole!

There is no Rose

That yongë child

Katharine Emory, alto

Balulalow

Pamela Murray, soprano

As dew in Aprile

This little Babe

Interlude

In Freezing Winter Night

Spring Carol

Roberta Anderson, soprano I; Gail Plummer Abbey, soprano II

Deo Gracias

Recession

Benjamin Britten
[1913-1976]

H&H CHORUS

SOPRANO

Gail Plummer Abbey
Roberta Anderson
Elizabeth J. Brant
Marilyn Bulli
Susan Consoli
Janice Giampa
Silvia Irving
Sharon Kelley
Mara Luzzo
Jill Malin
Carol Millard
Pamela Murray
Angela Vanstony Ward

ALTO

Karen Bell
Marya Danihel
Katharine Emory
Deborah Cundey Owen
Deborah Leath Rentz
Letitia Stevens

TENOR

James DeSelms
Gerald Thomas Gray
Terence McKinney
William Ward

BASS

Brett Johnson
David McSweeney
Clifford Rust
Emery Stephens Jr.

FOR HIM SHE SINGS

composed by Daniel Pinkham

poetry by Norma Farber

dedicated to John Finney and the H&H Chorus

I. Come Learn of Mary

Who can't rejoice, come learn of me that hold a baby on my knee,
and keep him safe for what's to be.

Come, Joseph, share a mother's pride.
Play with our boy at seek, and hide.

Kneel, be a camel, let him ride.

Let him recall, in years to be,
should day grow dark, too dark to see,
how once in light we lived, we three.

II. Easy Enough For Strangers

Easy enough for strangers - far-come and famous kings -
to lavish a child with lavish offerings.

How shall I help this mother Mary, my sweet wife,
raise him up to a long, abundant life?

How teach him true reward, how tell him cost?
How be a father to a boy star-crossed?

III. Even So She Sings

Now is the intimate hour. The roof leaks, but the hay's dry within the stall where a newborn infant lies. The stable reeks of a score of animal breaths and all their damp coats and the farm or forest whence they've come. Even so she sings.

A rude place, she feels, for this family affair: her personal event. The kings disquiet her as each, approaching, kneels, his gift an embarrassment. A murmur takes her throat, thrumming to be let out. And so she sings.

What rough clamor, this noise of creature's wing and hoof! They can't with the best will in the world, keep quiet enough to hear her lulling voice. They do try to be still. A child has heard her song separate among the throng. For him she sings.

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BIOGRAPHIES

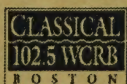
John Finney is regarded as a musician of great vitality and versatility in his work with several Boston-area ensembles. Mr. Finney has been H&H Chorusmaster since 1990, and was named Associate Conductor in 1992, directing many of H&H's Jordan Hall concerts and the 1997 performances of Handel's *Messiah* at Symphony Hall. He is widely praised for his harpsichord and organ playing; he holds degrees in organ performance from the Oberlin College Conservatory of Music and The Boston Conservatory. Mr. Finney is on the faculties of Boston College and The Boston Conservatory. He has recorded for Denon, Decca, and Nonesuch.



Since moving to New England in 1978, **Carol Baum** has performed with orchestras and ensembles throughout the Boston area. Previous engagements include appearances with the American Ballet Theater and the Metropolitan Opera. Ms. Baum is currently harpist for the Boston Lyric Opera and the New Hampshire Symphony Orchestra.



The Handel & Haydn Society is America's premier chorus and period orchestra, and a leader in historically informed performance. Founded in Boston in 1815, H&H is the oldest continuously performing arts organization in United States with a long tradition of artistic innovation and musical excellence. H&H has given the American premieres of many renowned works, including Handel's *Messiah* (1818) and Bach's Mass in B Minor (1887). The 1995–1996 season featured a fully staged opera production of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* with the Mark Morris Dance Group, which travelled across the country and to the prestigious Edinburgh Festival in Scotland. In the 1998–1999 season H&H gave its first world premiere in over 20 years with Dan Welcher's acclaimed *JFK: The Voice of Peace*. This H&H season features concerts at Boston's Symphony Hall, New England Conservatory's Jordan Hall, and historic Old South Church. H&H's innovative Educational Outreach Program brings the joy of classical music to more than 7,000 students each year in 47 public schools throughout Massachusetts.



UPCOMING CONCERTS: 1999-2000 SEASON

JAZZ/BAROQUE CELEBRATION

Friday, January 14, 2000 at 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, January 16, 2000 at 3:00 p.m.

The Joshua Redman Quartet

John Finney, conductor

Daniel Stepner, violin

Stephen Hammer, oboe

HANDEL: Concerto Grosso in D Major, Op. 6, No. 5

MARCELLO: Concerto for Oboe in D Minor

J.S. BACH: Concerto in C Minor for Oboe

and Violin, (reconstructed from BWV 1060)

CLASSICAL MASTERS: MOZART & HAYDN

Friday, February 25 at 8:00 p.m.

HAYDN: *Theresa* Mass

MOZART: "Ave Verum Corpus"

Paul McCreesh, conductor

CLASSICAL VALENTINE

Friday, February 11 at 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, February 13 at 3:00 p.m.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 1

BEETHOVEN: Overture to *Creatures of Prometheus*

Ivor Bolton, conductor

FAVORITES FROM BACH'S LIBRARY

Friday, March 17 at 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, March 19 at 3:00 p.m.

PERGOLESI arr. Bach: Stabat Mater

HANDEL: *Armida abbandonata*

J.B. BACH: Suite in G Minor

Christopher Hogwood, conductor

Dominique Labelle, soprano

Marietta Simpson, mezzo-soprano

SCHUBERT/BRAHMS

Friday, April 7 at 8:00 p.m.

BRAHMS: *Neue Liebeslieder Walzer*

Schubert works to be announced.

Harry Bicket, conductor

"VIVALDI AND HIS VIOLINS"

Thursday, April 27 at 8:00 p.m.

Four Seasons at Old South Church

Friday, April 28 at 8:00 p.m.

~~SOLD OUT~~
Solos, duos, trios at Old South Church

Saturday, April 29 at 3:00 p.m.

~~SOLD OUT~~
Four Seasons at NEC's Jordan Hall

Sunday, April 30 at 3:00 p.m.

L'estro Armonico at NEC's Jordan Hall

Christopher Hogwood, conductor

Stephanie Chase, violin

Federico Guglielmo, violin

Stanley Ritchie, violin

Daniel Stepner, violin

Tickets and Information:

Call (617) 266-3605 or 931-ARTS

or visit www.handelandhaydn.org

GROUP DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE

TEXT AND TRANSLATION

Sweelinck: Angelus ad pastores ait

Angelus ad pastores ait:

Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum :

qui a natus est vobis hodie Salvator mundi,

Alleluia.

The angel said to the shepherds:

I bring you good news of a great joy,

for to you is born this day the Savior of the world.

Alleluia.

Sweelinck: Hodie Christus natus est

Hodie Christus natus est,

Hodie Salvator apparuit,

Hodie in terra canunt angeli,

Lætantur archangeli,

Hodie exultant justi dicentes:

Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia.

This day Christ is born,

this day our Savior is made known to us.

This day on earth angels sing

and archangels rejoice,

this day shall the righteous triumph, saying:

Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia.

Schütz: Hodie Christus natus est

(Gail Plummer Abbey, soprano; Ryan Turner, tenor)

Hodie Christus natus est,

Hodie Salvator apparuit,

Hodie in terra canunt angeli,

Lætantur archangeli,

Hodie exultant justi dicentes:

Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia.

This day Christ is born,

this day our Savior is made known to us.

This day on earth angels sing

and archangels rejoice,

this day shall the righteous triumph, saying:

Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia.

Schütz: Deutsches Magnificat

Chorus I: Pamela Murray, Susan Byers Paxson

Gerald Thomas Gray, Herman Hildebrand

Chorus II: Janice Giampa, Katharine Emory

Murray Kidd, Jonathan Barnhart

Meine Seele erhebt den Herren,

und mein Geist freuet sich Gottes, meines Heilandes.

Denn er hat die Niedrigkeit seiner Magd angesehen;

siehe, von nun an werden mich selig

preisen alle Kindskind;

denn er hat große Ding an mir getan, der da mächtig ist

und des Name heilig ist.

Er ubet Gewalt mit seinem Arm

und zerstreuet, die hoffärtig sind in ihres Herzens Sinn.

Er stößt die Gewaltigen vom Stuhl

und erhöht die Niedrigen.

Die Hungerigen füllet mit Gütern

und lässet die Reichen leer.

Er denket der Barmherzigkeit und hilft seinem Diener Israel auf,

wie er geredt hat unsern Vätern,

Abraham und seinem Samen ewiglich.

Ehre seidem Vater, dem Vater und dem Sohn

und auch dem Heiligen Geiste,

wie es war im Anfang, jetzt und immerdar

und von Ewigkeit, Amen.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,

and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

For he hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden;

for behold, from henceforth shall call me

blessed for all generations;

for He that is mighty hath magnified me

and holy is His name.

He hath showed strength with His arm;

He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats,

and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things;

and He hath sent empty away.

He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel,

as He promised to our forefathers,

Abraham and his seed forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,

and to the Holy Ghost,

as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,

world without end, Amen.

Praetorius: In natali Domini

In natali Domini clamant mortales singuli:
 Wo ist uns ein Kind geboren?
 Zu Bethlehem ist uns geboren ein Kindelein,
 Gewunden in ein Tüchlein,
 Jesus ist der Name sein.

At the birth of the Lord, all mortals cry out:
 Where is a child born for us?
 In Bethlehem a little child is born for us,
 Wrapped in a little cloth,
 Jesus is his name.

Praetorius: En natus est Emanuel

En natus est Emanuel, Dominus,
 Quem praedixit Gabriel,
 Dominus Salvator noster est.

Behold, Emmanuel, the Lord, is born,
 As was foretold by Gabriel,
 The Lord, who is our Savior.

Hæc lux est orta hodie, Dominus,
 Ex Maria virgine,
 Dominus Salvator noster est.

Today the light breaks forth,
 From the Virgin Mary,
 The Lord, who is our Savior.

Praetorius: Vom Himmel hoch

Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her
 Ich bring euch gute neue Mär,
 Der guten Mär bring ich so viel,
 Darvon ich singn und sagen will.

From heaven high I come to you,
 I bring you tidings good and new,
 Good tidings of great joy I bring,
 Thereof will I both say and sing.

Lob Her sei Got im Höchsten Thron,
 Der uns schenk seinen eingen Sohn,
 Das freuet sich der Engel Schar
 Und singer uns solch neues Jahr.

Praise God above on his high throne,
 Who giveth us his only Son,
 The angel hosts rejoice in bliss
 To chant a glad New Year like this.

Bach: Magnificat*Vom Himmel hoch*

Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her,
 Ich bring euch gute neue Mär,
 Der guten Mär bring ich so viel,
 Davon ich sungn und sagen will.

From heaven high I come to you,
 I bring you tidings good and new,
 Good tidings of great joy I bring,
 Thereof will I both say and sing.

Freut euch und jubiliert

Freut euch und jubiliert,
 Zu Bethlehem gefunden wird
 Das herzeliebe Jesulein,
 Das soll euer Freund und Wonne Sein.

Be glad and full of cheer
 A boy is born in Bethlehem near
 Our long awaited Jesus, He
 Who shall our joy and rapture be.

Virga Jesse floruit

(Jill Malin, soprano; Damian Savarino, baritone)

Virga Jesse floruit,
 Emmanuel noster apparuit,
 induit carnem hominis,
 fit puer delectabilis. Alleluia.

Jesse's rod has flower'd at last,
 Our Lord Emmanuel appears,
 Of human flesh he has been born,
 Delightful in a world forlorn. Alleluia.

Schein: Ehr sei Gott in der Höh allein

The Angels: Roberta Anderson; Gail Plummer Abbey
Janice Giampa; Gerald Thomas Gray
The Shepherds: Pamela Murray; Susan Byers Paxson
Kamala Soparkar; Ryan Turner
Herman Hildebrand; Jonathan Barnhart

Chorus Angelorum:

Ehr sei Gott in der Höh allein
auf Erden soll nun Friede sein.

Chorus Pastorum

Hilf Gott, was ist das für ein Gsang?
wie hat er so ein lieblichn Klang.
Hört, dieser Gsang Gottes Her preist,
uns Menschen auch Frieden verheißt.

Ach Gott, es sind die Engelein,
die singen dieses Liedelein.

Chorus Angelorum:

und den Menschen ein Wohlgefallen,
weil Christus ist geboren Euch alln.

Chorus Pastorum:

Siehe, sie tun noch weiter singn,
ach wie lieblich tut es doch klingn.

Was singen sie vom Kindelein,
welches uns soll geboren sein?

Ach Gott, wie gute Mär sind das!

Nun ausgetilgt ist aller Haß,
Welchen vor Gott gnmacht unser Sünd,
weil uns geboren ist dies Kind.

Chorus Angelorum & Chorus Pastorum:

Gott dir sei Dank im höchsten Thron,
daß du uns gschenkt hast deinen Sohn.
Her, Macht, Kraft, Preis und Herrlichkeit
dir gebürt allein in Ewigkeit.

Chorus of Angels:

Glory be to God on high,
on earth there shall now be peace.

Chorus of Shepherds:

God help us, what is this song?
what a sweet sound it has.
Listen, this song praises the glory of God,
and promises peace to us.

O God, it is the angels
who are singing us this little song.

Chorus of Angels:

and goodwill towards men,
for Christ is born for all of you.

Chorus of Shepherds:

Behold, they sing on,
o, how lovely it sounds.
What are they singing about a little child,
born for all of us?

O God, what glad tidings!

Now all hate is wiped out,
The hate which our sins made before God,
for this child is born for us.

Chorus of Angels & Chorus of Shepherds:

Thanks be to you, God, on your highest throne,
that you have sent us your Son.
Praise, power, strength, and glory
be unto you forever.

Pinkham: The Kings and the Shepards

text by Robert Hillyer

O good shepherds, tell the way:
Shall we follow that new Star?
We were kings but yesterday,
Now like lowly folk we are.
Gold we bring, but brighter far,
Light of lights in yonder manger,
Where sin and pride are laid aside
And all but Love remains a stranger,
Sing Noel, we sing glad day
Born to roll the night away.
Holy Child, smile on us now
Under the shining Christmas bough, while we sing Noel.

We the shepherds, filled with fright,
Saw the newborn Star appear
Heard the angels sing in flight:
Welcome love, and farewell fear.
Child and Mother, mild and dear,
Light of lights, the Gift and Giver,
Bring all who roam the darkness, home,
To worship God's own Child forever,
Sing Noel, we sing glad day
Born to roll the night away.
Holy Child, smile on us now
Under the shining Christmas bough, while we sing Noel.

Pinkham: Evergreen

text by Robert Hillyer

How fine the sweetness from the bough, Evergreen, ever living,
Like a pray'r offer'd now For a whole world's forgiving;
While the Christ Child is sleeping,
World's of woe in his keeping,
World's of joy in his dream.
Lord, redeem us!
That when thou art waking,
The hearts we uplift Shall be thy Christmas gift
And be well worth thy taking.

How bright the radiance of the tree, Evergreen, everlasting,
Like the feast day to be After long years of fasting.
Bright in hope Christmas morning
To the Christ Child returning,
Once again we believe.
Lord receive us!
When we come before thee,
The heart's joy we bring Noel! shall sing
And forever adore thee.

Pinkham: For Him She Sings

poetry by Norma Farber

I. Come Learn of Mary

Who can't rejoice,
come learn of me
that hold a baby
on my knee,
and keep him safe
for what's to be.

Come, Joseph, share
a mother's pride.
Play with our boy
at seek, and hide.
Kneel, be a camel,
let him ride.

Let him recall,
in years to be,
should day grow dark,
too dark to see,
how once in light
we lived, we three.

II. Easy Enough For Strangers

Easy enough for strangers -
far-come and famous kings -
to lavish a child
with lavish offerings.

How shall I help this mother
Mary, my sweet wife,
raise him up to a long,
abundant life?

III. Even So She Sings

Now is the intimate hour.
The roof leaks, but the hay's
dry within the stall
where a newborn infant lies.
The stable reeks of a score
of animal breaths and all
their damp coats and the farm
or forest whence they've come.
Even so she sings.

A rude place, she feels,
for this family affair:
her personal event.
The kings disquiet her
as each, approaching, kneels,
his gift an embarrassment.
A murmur takes her throat,
thrumming to be let out.
And so she sings.

How teach him true reward,
how tell him cost?
How be a father
to a boy star-crossed?

What rough clamor, this noise
of creature's wing and hoof!
They can't with the best will
in the world, keep quiet enough
to hear her lulling voice.
They do try to be still.
A child has heard her song
separate among the throng.
For him she sings.

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Britten: A Ceremony of Carols Procession

Hodie Christus natus est,
Hodie Salvator apparuit,
Hodie in terra canunt angeli,
Lætantur archangeli,
Hodie exultant iusti dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluja.

This day Christ is born,
this day our Savior is made known to us.
This day on earth angels sing
and archangels rejoice,
this day shall the righteous triumph, saying:
Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia.

Wolcum Yole!

Anonymous, 14th century

Wolcum, Wolcum,
Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!

Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,
Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,
Wolcum, Twelfth Day both in fere,
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!

There is no Rose

Anonymous, 14th century

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, Alleluia.

For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in litel space,
Res minanda, res minanda.

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three,
Pares forma, pares forma.

That yongë child.

Anonymous, 14th century

(Katharine Emory, mezzo-soprano)

That yongë child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passèd alle minstrelsy.
The nightingalë sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

Candelmesse,
Queene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum, Wolcum,
Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum alle and make good cheer.
Wolcum alle another yere,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!

The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, transeamus.
Alleluia, res minanda,
Pares forma, gaudeamus,
Transeamus.

Balulalow

James, John and Robert Wedderburn, (1548), 1561

(Pamela Murray, soprano)

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweat,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweet unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!

As dew in Aprille

Anonymous., c. 1400

I sing of a maiden
That is makèles:
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

He came al so stille
There his moder was,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.

He came al so stille
To his moder's bour,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flour.

He came al so stille
There his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.

Moder and mayden
Was never none but she:
Well may such a lady
Goddess moder be.

This little Babe

Robert Southwell (1561?- 1595)

This little Babe so few days old,
Is come to rife Satan's fold;
All hell doth at his presence quake,
Though he himself for cold do shake;
For in this weak unarmed wise
The gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the field,
His naked breast stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cries,
His arrows looks of weeping eyes,
His martial ensigns Cold and Need,
And feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitchèd in a stall,
His bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes;
Of shepherds he his muster makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to wound,
The angels' trumps alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in fight;
Stick to the tents that he hath pight.
Within his crib is surest ward;
This little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

Interlude

In Freezing Winter Night

Robert Southwell (1561?- 1595)

Behold, a silly tender babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas, a piteous sight!

The inns are full; no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed.
But forced he is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court,
This crib his chair of State;
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
This wooden dish his plate.

Spring Carol

William Cornish (14?-1523)

Pleasure it is
To hear iwis,
The birdes sing.

The deer in the dale,
The sheep in the vale,
The corn springing.

Deo Gracias

Anonymous., 15th century

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Adam lay ibounden,
Bounden in a bond;
For thousand winter
Thought he not too long.

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
And all was for an appil,
An appil that he tok,
As clerkès finden
Written in their book.

Recession

Hodie Christus natus est,
Hodie Salvator apparuit,
Hodie in terra canunt angeli,
Lætantur archangeli,
Hodie exultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia.

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from heav'n;
This pomp is prizèd there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Wich he from Heav'n doth bring.

God's purvayance
For sustenance.
It is for man, it is for man.

Then we always
To him give praise,
And thank him than.

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Ne had the appil takè ben,
The appil takè ben,
Ne haddè never our lady
A ben hevenè quene.

Blessèd be the time
That appil takè was,
Therefore we moun singen.
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

This day Christ is born,
this day our Savior is made known to us.
This day on earth angels sing
and archangels rejoice,
this day shall the righteous triumph, saying:
Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia.